A N O D E,

Addressed to his Royal Highness William, Duke of Cumberland.

By a LADY.

R

I.

 rejoicing, brave Prince! Perfection pure
Place full before thine eye;
An ample Scene of doing good
Will now before thee lie.

II.

The Cause of Liberty and Truth
With dauntless Heart maintain,
And with heroic Virtue burn
Each Soul-engrafting chain.

III.

Mean Selfishness and cruel Hate
Devour the free-born Mind;
Stretch thou thy wide Embrace around,
And grasp the human Kind.

IV.

The generous Soul Revenge abhors,
But mild, with Pity grows;
Remember, then, our Lord’s Command,
To love thy greatest Foes.

V.

Thou, obstinately bent on Hate,
They seek thee to destroy,
Overcome their Evil with thy Good,
And quell a God-like Joy.

VI.

What tho’ their haughty stubborn Souls
Should unsubmitting prove,
Subdue their Force with Arms, and then
Their Hearts with gentle Love.

VII.

Behold, redeeming Love extends
To Rebels! Grudge not, then,
To grant Forgiveness to thy Foes,
Thy kindred Sons of Men.

VIII.

But emulate thy heavenly Sire,
Who makes his Sun to rise
On wretched Offenders, and their Wants
By plenteous Show’s supplies.

IX.

Great Pow’r and Wisdom Men admire;
Strict Justice Fear will move;
But perfect Goodness charms the Soul
And Mercy wins our Love.

POSTSCRIPT.

O sway the King to Mercy, Lord,
Whilst thou prefer’st his Throne!
Let his illustrious Clemency
Unite all Hearts in one.

FINIS.